

Who were the motives that you first went out,  
(Shame that they wanted, cunning in excess)  
Hath broke their hearts. March, Noble Lord,  
Into our City with thy Banners spread,  
By decimation and a tythed death;  
If thy Reuenges hunger for that Food  
Which Nature loathes, take thou the destin'd tenth,  
And by the hazard of the spotted dye,  
Let dye the spotted.

1 All have not offended:  
For those that were, it is not square to take  
On those that are, Reuenge: Crimes, like Lands  
Are not inherited, then deere Countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leaue without thy rage,  
Spare thy Athenian Cradle, and those Kin  
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall  
With those that haue offended, like a Shepheard,  
Approach the Fold, and cull th'infected forth,  
But kill not altogether.

2 What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt inforce it with thy smile,  
Then hew too't, with thy Sword.

1 Set but thy foot  
Against our rampyr'd gates, and they shall ope:  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say thou'nt enter Friendly.

2 Throw thy Gloue,  
Or any Token of thine Honour else,  
That thou wilt vse the warres as thy redresse,  
And not as our Confusion: All thy Powers  
Shall make their harbour in our Towne, till wee  
Haue seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my Gloue,  
Defend and open your vncharged Ports,

Those Enemies of Timon, and mine owne  
Whom you your selues shall set out for reproofe,  
Fall and no more; and to atone your feares  
With my more Noble meaning, not a man  
Shall passe his quarter, or offend the streame  
Of Regular Iustice in your Citties bounds,  
But shall be remedied to your publike Lawes  
At heauiest answer.

Both. 'Tis most Nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keepe your words.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Noble Generall, Timon is dead,  
Entomb'd vpon the very hemme o'th' Sea,  
And on his Grauestone, this Insculpture which  
With wax I brought away: whose soft Impression  
Interprets for my poore ignorance.

Alcibiades reads the Epitaph.

Heere lies a wretched Coarse, of wretched Soule bereft,  
Seek not my name: A Plague consume you, wicked Caitiffs left:  
Heere lye I Timon, who alime, all liuing men did hate,  
Passe by, and curse thy fill, but passe and stay not here thy gate.  
These well expresse in thee thy latter spirits:  
Though thou abhorrd'st in vs our humane griefes,  
Scornd'st our Braines flow, and those our droplets, which  
From niggard Nature fall; yet Rich Conceit  
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weepe for aye  
On thy low Graue, on faults forgiven. Dead  
Is Noble Timon, of whose Memorie  
Heereafter more. Bring me into your Citie,  
And I will vse the Oliue, with my Sword:  
Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make each  
Prescribe to other, as each others Leach.  
Let our Drummes strike.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



## THE ACTORS NAMES.



TIMON of Athens.

Lucius, And

Lucullus, two Flattering Lords.

Appemantus, a Churlish Philosopher.

Sempronius another flattering Lord.

Alcibiades, an Athenian Captaine.

Poet.

Painter.

Jeweller.

Merchant.

Certaine Senatours.

Certaine Maskers.

Certaine Theeues.

Flaminius, one of Tymons Seruants.

Seruilus, another.

Caphis.

Varro.

Philo.

Titus.

Lucius.

Hortensis

Ventigius, one of Tymons false Friends.

Cupid.

Sempronius.

With diuers other Seruants,

And Attendants.

